THE MISSILE

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

May, 1932

THE MISSILE P

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Class Poem

By Phyllis Hersh

As rosy blossoms, saffron tinted 'neath the beams
Of golden sunlight, burst in spring their silken sheaths,
And scatter on the balmy breeze, like scented dreams,
Their fragile petals, so each youth in childhood, wreathes
His soul in dreams, and like the bursting bud, there gleams
The shining rosy future and all that it bequeaths.

And as the dew-pearled blossoms slowly, softly fall
And splash amid the iridescent drops, that rise
And shimmer in the sun-flecked stream, there comes a call,
And knowledge-laden youth, with shaded mist-clad eyes,
Enwrapped within the pulsing life that does enthrall
Him, breaks asunder the guided life that he defies.

As waxen blooms, upon the limpid stream, are caught
And whirled amidst the dimpled eddies, shadow dimmed,
As perfumed flow'rs are dashed 'neath hasting rapids,
fraught
With lacy foam, as pink-cupped blossoms, dewy-rimmed,
Go floating onward, so the lives of youth are wrought,
And so is each one's soul with life's sweet nectar brimmed.

1. Claiborne Jones.
2. Harry Dalton.
3. Richard Robertson.
4. Robert Rogers.
5. Raleigh Powell.
6. William Johnson.
7. Charles Farley, Jr.
8. Raymond Chappell.
9. Dorothy Leigh.
10. Ruth Hodnett.
11. Margaret Minetree.
12. Beatrice Belcher.
13. Virginia Payne.
14. Joe Mandaleris.
15. Ruth Campbell.
16. Louise Potter.
17. Opal Moody.
18. Virginia Smith.
19. Margaret Ellington.
20. Thomas Traylor.
21. Ann Raney.
22. Corinna Williams.
23. Mabel Ritchie.
24. Mildred Green.
25. Jane Main.
26. James Thweatt.
27. Alpha Crank.
28. Conway Gray.
29. Opal Motley.
30. Estelle Holloway.
31. Frances Walker.
32. Leonard McCants.
33. Randolph Cotten.
34. Evelyn Barnes.
35. Mildred Potter.
36. Vernell Aysene.
37. James Beazley.

1. Forrest Collier.
2. George Pyne.
3. William Sykes.
4. Walter Parrish.
5. Thomas Kidd.
6. Raymond Childs.
7. Norman Sollod.
8. Leona Baird.
9. Virginia Bristow.
10. Eloise Whitehead.
11. Lillie Traylor.
12. Alice Pugh.
13. Katherine Baird.
14. Florine Smith.
15. Ruby Davis.
16. Annie Elmore.
17. Alice Jones.
18. Julie Vaughan.
19. Mary Grossmann.
20. Annie Perkins.
21. Elise Spain.
22. Mary Goodwyn.
23. Rose Sheintoch.
24. Ella Andrews.
25. Marie Harwell.
26. Elizabeth Thweatt.
27. Olivia Huddleston.
28. Virginia Schwartz.
29. Frances Lyons.
30. Nellie Walker.
31. Frances Eanes.
32. Mary Bowman.
33. Evelyn Hopkins.
34. Julia Alley.
35. Mary Burgess.
36. Frances Reid.
37. Mary Roane.

1. Taylor Wills.
2. Olise Meredith.
3. Louis Tobias.
4. Frank Nunnally.
5. Herbert Hamilton.
6. John Edwards.
7. Edward Woodroof.
8. Mary Moody.
9. Anne Bond.
10. Elise Powell.
11. Miriam Foster.
12. Rose Wilensky.
13. Ross Howe.
14. Myra Bland.
15. Ruth Hasard.
16. Vivian Webb.
17. Dorothy Johnson.
18. Katherine Payne.
19. William Walton.
20. Christine Dance.
21. Willene Clarke.
22. Gertrude Krell.
23. Eleanor Walker.
24. Mildred Ware.
25. James Smith.
26. Sarah Perkinson.
27. Otha Balch.
28. Dorothy Fair.
29. Elmo Enniss.
30. Margaret Cross.
31. Willard Bailey.
32. Jack James.
33. Louise Keys.
34. James Downing.
35. Richard Epes.
36. Claude Haynes.
37. Eliza Mathews.
38. Franklin Livesay.

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THE MISSILE

Poems of Life

The Trail

By Charles Farley

Life certainly is like a trail
Over which we pass each day.
The curve, the bend, the straight-away
Do their part to give us the sum
Of what has gone and what's to come.

Along the trail we pass the stones
Which take away our by-gone years.
They remind us of the many tears
That we have shed for our bad deeds,
Which stay with us just like old weeds.

At the fork of the roads we always meet
The sign posts of our destiny;
Right here we need dexterity
To help to show us how to ride
By letting conscience be our guide.

The bumps along the road we take
Were placed by God for you and me,
And in this way He is able to see
If we shall win or we shall fail.
Life certainly is like a trail.

Life

By Mary Jane Burgess

A little brook born on a mountain side
Begins to grow on and on;
Through its cheerful childhood, longing to abide
And play with the beckoning ferns, it has to glide
Swiftly on and on.

To a stately river which is life at its best
It still flows on and on;
Toiling and crawling slowly o'er dams to the west
To remain forever in the sea at rest,
But the waves flow on and on.

—o—

The Plant

By Taylor Wills

A shoot is springing from the ground,
The life of a man begun—
A child who in the future is bound
To rejoice at work well done,
A child who'll rest beneath a mound
With the setting of his sun.

The shoot has grown up straight and tall,
Till blooms adorn its head—
A man who, having conquered all,
To the pinnacle has sped.
This man, though riding to his fall,
In the race of life has led.

The blooms begin to wither and drop.
The plant its head hangs low.
This man has long since reached the top
By the painful way and slow.
His step begins to totter and stop,
And he knows it's his time to go.

The reaper swings his murderous blade,
And the old plant earthward falls.
By the scythe of Time the man is laid
In the dust, as eternity calls.
And this man's debt to Time is paid.
His memory's left—that's all.

Reverie

By Leona Baird

SITTING here by the window with snow and sleet whirling down from a leaden sky, I ponder. What could be worse than bad weather, Sunday afternoon, and a travel essay to write? And there's nothing I can do about any one of them.

I could write of sunny beaches and palm trees lifting in the breeze, of golden days spent sprawled on the warm deck of a yacht, of lazy hours drifting through the twilight of the Everglades, of the glorious thrill of a sunrise in the Grand Canyon—but all these things are visionary. I've never experienced them. All my traveling has been done by the hour—so many miles an hour averaged, rushing from this city to that, with the sole purpose of reaching my destination in the least time possible. Except once . . . . ah! That's an idea!

It was the middle of April—just about the time that the apple and pear trees were pinky-white drifts of blossoms in the Valley of Virginia. It was a perfect morning—warm and mild, with the promise of summer that seemed just over the next hill. Driving along over smooth roads, with the sun on my back, made me "kinda" glad to be alive after all!

Soon after we passed Charlottesville, Afton mountain loomed up ahead and the road began to ascend; gradually at first, and then the grade began to grow steeper and the turns sharper, until them were veritable hairpins. Finally we reached the top and stopped to look back. As far as the eye could see, a splendid panorama spread itself. The highway was a sinuous white snake twisting away into the distance. All the farms were laid out like a big green and brown chess board, and I could almost expect one of the benign giant mountains to stretch out a hand and move one of the toy houses as a pawn. As I looked, I felt myself shaken with the beauty and majesty of the scene. Why hadn't I noticed this before? Was I just waking up to appreciate nature, or had the spring morning gone to my head and made me maudlin? I finally tore myself away to eat lunch! That seemed rather superfluous until I began!

I managed to get away from the others for a last look at the valley. This time the waving tops of trees caught my eye. I hadn't noticed them before. Oak, chestnut, pine . . . . almost

every variety. I had a feeling that if I were to jump over the side of the jutting cliff, they would bear me up on their leafy tops. About the time that I was wondering about that suicidal impulse, I heard mother calling me and I laughed at such a foolish thought. But all that day the picture of the scene stayed with me . . . . I don't think I could ever forget it.

Still snowing and I'm still sitting here, and it's still Sunday, but I don't seem to mind so much now. I've gotten this essay off my chest and I suppose I have a smug, self-satisfied grin on my face as I realize that it really wasn't so painful after all. Clouds and feather-bed trees. Hm-m-m-!

———o———

Twilight In Virginia

By Claiborne Jones

A hush has fallen like a sheet of snow,
A purple pall has shut away the sun;
Above the west where misty mountains show
A single star is twinkling: day is done.

The sleepy sound of crickets fills the air,
And restless winds are swaying boughs above;
A frog, forlorn, is calling from his lair,
And soft there sounds the whirring of a dove.

The soothing, sighing silence seems to cast
A spell upon my weary, care-worn heart,
And though I know 'twill pass as others passed,
Miraculously mortal cares depart.

On wings of graying clouds that westward roll,
A sense of freedom and of sweet surcease
From my mortality pervades my soul.
The spell of twilight holds me—here is peace.

The Extra Place

By Iris Harlow

MARION sat staring out of the window at the other buildings of Marvin College. Her mind was not on the lecture Professor Bossen was giving. Dr. Dudley had ordered no swimming for at least six weeks, which meant that Marion could not swim in the trials at N. Y. U. next month. Her last year at college. Her last chance to win a place on the United States swimming team. And this year's team would go to Europe in the summer for international competition races.

"After swimming and running around down at the pool over three years, I had to wait until now to fall and hurt my shoulder," mused Marion. "Wonder who Miss Berner will put in my place. She could put—"

"Class dismissed," barked the professor just then. "Miss Knapp, may I see you a moment?"

"Yes, sir," answered Marion, wondering what he was going to say now. She didn't feel like listening to him tell her how bad her work was. Anyway, it didn't matter now. She couldn't swim.

It was the same old thing. Miss Knapp had been very inattentive in class. She was very near the line and needed to pick up on her work if she expected to pass the semester's work. This was the third time this week that Marion had been given the same warning.

After Mr. Bossen had finished, Marion wandered down to the gym. There she found Miss Berner, the coach, and Louise Gant, considered, next to Marion, the best swimmer in school.

Miss Berner told Marion that she had decided to change Louise to the place Marion had vacated, the quarter-mile division.

"I think Louise is better for a sprint, but I don't know of anyone else to put in the distance races," she explained. "Would you mind giving Louise some pointers on distance swimming?"

"Oh, I don't want to bother her," put in Louise. She had always been a little jealous of Marion, and Marion had not been over-affectionate towards her. Consequently, although on the same team, they had never had much to do with each other.

"It won't be any bother at all. I'll be glad to help you," offered Marion, but only because she felt compelled to.

"Good," exclaimed the coach. "I've got to run downtown for a while. You can be practicing until I come back," and with this she disappeared.

In five minutes, Louise and Marion were face to face, ready to tear each other apart.

"Just because you are the best swimmer in school, you needn't think you can boss me around," screamed Louise. "I won't have it. I tell you, I won't have it!"

"Why, you ungrateful little cad! I—"

But Marion got no farther. Louise hauled off and struck her across the face, blinding her momentarily and causing her nose to bleed. At this, Louise came out of her rage and stood staring at Marion blankly.

Marion calmly wiped the blood from her face and, turning, started towards the door. Louise ran and caught her by the arm.

"I'm sorry, Marion," she said. "I didn't mean all I said. Really I didn't. Won't you forgive me? It was all my fault."

A minute before, Marion would have declared that she never expected to speak to Louise again. However, at the look on Louise's face she softened.

"It was as much my fault as it was yours. I'm sorry, too," she found herself saying.

"Please come back and help me," begged Louise.

"Surely," answered Marion.

The girls became fast friends. That afternoon and every afternoon after that, they worked together, trying to develop Louise into a quarter-mile swimmer. Marion had almost managed to forget her great disappointment. Also she had forgotten her studies.

One day Marion received a note from the dean saying that she had failed English and must, therefore, sever all relations with the swimming team, which fact meant that she could not help Louise any more. And there was still so much to accomplish. What could she do?

Sometimes special tests were given to players on the various teams who did not make below 70. Marion had made 72, but

she was not a member of the team any longer; so she could not secure a new test. Nevertheless, Marion went to Mr. Bossen and asked him to give her another test. At first he flatly refused, but after hearing her story and after much pleading on Marion's part, he said that he would consent to another test if Miss Berner asked for it. Miss Berner gladly wrote a note asking for a second test, which Marion passed.

When the time came to go to New York, Miss Berner secured permission to take Marion as assistant coach and manager of the team.

Marion stayed with Louise until the minute the race in which Louise was taking a part began.

"I'm just as nervous as if I were racing," said Marion as they stood at the line waiting for the warning whistle.

"I'd give anything if you could be in the race," answered Louise. "If I win, you can take the credit. I never shall be able to thank you for all—"

"Forget it. There's the warning whistle. Go out and win for Marvin College and for me. Good luck," called Marion.

Louise came out a scant three feet ahead, but she had won, thanks to Marion's teaching. The other swimmers from Marvin College had done well too, and since Marvin placed more swimmers on the team than any other college, Miss Berner was made coach of the United States team. She was allowed to take an assistant and she made Marion and Louise very happy when she chose Marion as her assistant. Friendship and good sportsmanship had gotten her the extra place.

Night Winds

By Julie Vaughan

Night winds are bluff winds:
Grumbling roughly round the eaves,
Or sending forth a lusty roar
At the terror of the leaves.
Quitting lowly earth to soar,
Clearing boundless paths before,
Rumbling, mumbling.

Night winds are proud winds:
Hissing at the space that bars,
At the stolid power that steers
Their passage from the stars.
Shaping bitter frenzied sneers,
Shrilling wild contemptuous jeers,
Shrieking, seeking.

Night winds are sad winds:
Passing softly near the soil,
Making whispered revelations
Of the endlessness of toil,
Breathing mournful lamentations,
On their fruitless explorations,
Sighing, crying.

The Eternal Borrower

By Frank Nunnally

"CAN YOU lend me that new book you bought yesterday?" This is one of the theme songs of the persistent borrower. He probably doesn't care a thing about the book, but he cannot resist the temptation to borrow, or rather attempt to borrow something new that the owner would like to keep. The borrowed article is hardly recognized when it is returned, even though it was almost new when borrowed.

Whenever I see him coming, I attempt to flee, but always in vain. He has an eagle eye when he is trying to borrow something. As if this were not bad enough, this pest has very tender feelings and harsh words almost make him burst into tears.

Besides this, he forgets that he has ever seen you before if he happens to have something of yours.

I have never been able to fathom in what channels his mind runs. How he can take such a delight in borrowing something and destroying it in such an ingenious manner is beyond my comprehension. After discussion with some of my friends, I have come to the conclusion that he sits up in bed thinking of something to borrow and some diabolical way of destroying it.

Sometimes his demands are preposterous, and yet he follows them through with all his power of persuasion and elucidation. Once he came to see me in order to borrow a radio tube, and when I refused to take one out of my radio for one night, he suffered from the usual two emotions of anger and then sadness. If I had not been in one of my hard-hearted moods I would have burst into tears and would have given it over and would have missed all the programs that night. As it developed, it appeared that he already had three spares, but wanted to test my tube first in his radio to see if a defective wire had been blowing his tubes out.

I sometimes wish that I lived back in the good old days of stone caves and cave men so that I might have the pleasure of refusing to lend him one of the popular books of the day which luckily were cut in the walls of the cave. Perhaps I shouldn't refuse him but should only say, "I'm busy now, but go in and help yourself."

Two Poems

By Braxton Townsend

I.

From the Aenead, Book 2, lines 370-385

And first Androgeos, thinking us to be
Greeks, for darkness made it hard to see,
Ignorant of danger, spoke as to a friend,
"Hurry! What tardy sloth delays you men?
For Troy is being pilaged now by some.
Oh sluggards, have you from the ships just
come?"
Perceiving his band by men of Troy surrounded,
He checked both step and voice and stood as-
tounded,
As one who stealthily stepping through a brake,
Starts suddenly back in fear when he treads on a
snake,
An angry snake with swollen neck, turned blue,
Coiled to strike with tongue of bloody hue.
Just as the woodsman stands in his amaze,
Androgeos' limbs are limp with fear and daze.
Surrounded with dense arms, we slay the band:
First we prosper defending Trojan land.

—o—

II.

Daybreak

Darkness hovers o'er the dewy ground;
The hootowl scans the trees in noiseless flight,
While soothing sleep holds all in slumber sound.
The darkest moment just before the light.
The pine trees whisper in the wakening wind
And stir the birds to drowsy twittering.
Sunrise and set inspire the artist's mind;
Of morning star in pearl grey sky I sing.

The Packet

By Della Pecht

THAT small packet held a strange fascination for old David Blackwell. Slowly he turned it in his fingers, playing with it as a cat plays with a mouse. Outside a storm raged, and the steady fall of rain was broken now by a vivid flash of lightning on a peal of thunder that shook the panes in the old window frames. A log fire burned brightly on the hearth and cast weird shadows over the quaint old furniture.

He was seated in a great armchair with his head thrown back to one side as if to rest a weary body, a body that even now was calling with a thousand tiny voices for the contents of that one small packet. Morphine! It was his god, a god that would not let him rest, day or night. But he smiled to himself grimly, for this would be his last. His funds were exhausted for this last supply. And now that was gone also, and the paper packet, now empty, was burned to a black crisp in the firy coals on the hearth.

With a sigh he sank back in his chair. The demon would come again, but he was prepared, and his hand closed over the revolver in his coat pocket. Already the drug was taking effect. The room swam before his eyes. Then it came! To his imagination it was a huge fiery monster, blazing fire from its nostrils. Dazedly he snatched the revolver from his pocket and fired at the head of the monster. Then his mind suddenly cleared as if the report of his gun had driven away the spell of the drug, and he saw on the hearth where the fiery demon had been the form of his lifeless daughter, her long golden hair trailing in the stream of warm blood that trickled down the hearth and sputtered as it touched the red coals.

As the realization of what he had done came to him, he again raised the revolver, this time to his own head.

The fire became embers while the rain outside raged and beat against the panes as if to gain entrance to the room where the dead man and his daughter held possession. And the demon had won.

Scandal

By Mary Leigh Grossmann

He had not really meant to kill
A single soul down there,
But scorn he could not bear,
And thought, above them on the hill,
To give them all a scare.

The stone he started on its way
Hit others in its path,
With more than human wrath
The landslide crushed the town that lay
Below. Sad aftermath!

———o———

An Unexpected Experience

By Mildred Ware

"WELL, I never expected to be in a place like this!" I exclaimed, as I viewed my surroundings. I was in a rather large motor boat going up a branch of the Miami Canal. The canal was literally covered with iceling plants, which are green bulbs with leaves attached that float on the water. The sky was very blue, and flocks of wild ducks and cranes were flying over our heads. The canal was about twenty feet wide and was lined on each side by small trees and bushes. There was nothing strange on the shady side of the canal; it looked as quiet and peaceful as possible. But lo and behold! You should have seen the sunny side; it looked as if some zoo had given its inhabitants a vacation. Alligators—real, live ones—were lying about on the banks sunning themselves. I decided then and there that I preferred them in cages. The worst was yet to be discovered, for curled up here and there between the alligators were huge snakes. There were some dangling from the small trees too, but most of them seemed to be sleeping comfortably. I, for one, certainly had no desire to wake them. I couldn't help feeling rather restless for fear that some of these inhabitants would decide to escort us up the canal; though the man whom Daddy had hired to take us,

assured me that they probably didn't want my company any more than I wanted theirs.

There were also a few houses torn down by the fierce tornado which had swept that part of the country about three months before. I noticed one house especially; the roof had been half torn off, and one lone chair was standing up there as though waiting for someone to sit down. This section was in the area that was stricken hardest by the storm. The Red Cross was still doing a great deal of relief work there.

My father, mother, two brothers and I were spending the Christmas holidays in Florida, and Daddy had taken a great desire to go to see a friend who had bought a farm and was farming for his health. It was to be a surprise visit, so when we came to South Bay, a little town on the Miami Canal, Daddy asked the way to Rita, the place where his friend was supposed to live. The man he asked said that the road had burned up some weeks before, and we would have to make the trip by boat. I guess he saw my puzzled expression, for he explained immediately that the roads were made of very rich soil made up mostly of decayed vegetable matter. This material burned as well as peat; so roads were rather hard to keep up in that vicinity. That's why we were going up the canal.

We went on for about ten miles, not knowing exactly where we were going. There was not a single person along the way, and it was getting dusk. I was beginning to think that it was time to start back. About that time I saw a huge alligator, the biggest one I had seen. He came up beside the boat, looked at us inquiringly, and then dived under. I was sure it was time to turn back then. I had no desire to stay out on that canal after it was dark.

We soon saw a cottage, and a man working in the field. Daddy recognized him as his friend. Then our troubles were over. We came up to the little wharf. After shooing two baby alligators off the steps, we went up to give the man the surprise of his life, for visitors were almost unheard of there.

Transformation

(Written after taking a course in English literature)

By Claiborne Jones

Yes, I had known them since I first could read,
Had called their names, and in my little way
Had learned to know them;oft from day to day
I followed paths where only they could lead.
I found a whole philosophy and creed
Of living in their verse, and often they
Would awe me with their wondrous word-display.
I loved them, thought I knew them well indeed,
But then I heard their words come from his
mouth,
Heard him read Browning, Burns, and Rupert
Brooke;
Explain each verse, each hidden thought unwind.
(I knew the Blue Ridge too, and yet far South
I saw them once snow-smothered. Just one look—
Their dazzling beauty all but struck me blind.)

———o———

Social Ambition

By May Crowder

JOHN SPENCER had at last arrived in New York. He had spent many sleepless nights on the train thinking of this great, wonderful city, where he was to live for three weeks.

John was tall, and muscular with the appearance of an athlete. He had dark wavy hair, a broad forehead over deep-set brown eyes, and his mouth was wide, but his lips were almost thin. For all this, he was considered handsome, but at the present moment his looks were completely spoiled by a worried frown.

Why shouldn't he be worried? Hadn't he boasted to his friends in his home-town, Chapel Hill, which he had left three days ago, that he would "crash" New York society during his stay there. All the way up on the train he had been going over and over in his mind ways in which he could "crash" society. His home town, although it was a small town, had its elite; you

were not considered a member of society unless you could get your name in the society columns every Sunday, and sometimes your picture. Gradually it dawned on John that there was only one way, since he knew no one in New York. Yes, he would do something unusual, and the reporters would write it up, and of course the curious "four hundred" would invite him out.

As he looked about him in Grand Central Station, John felt not a little bewildered by all the noise and confusion which, he was to learn later, pervaded everything in New York.

"Pardon, sir," John touched a man on the arm and inquired, "could you direct me to a nice hotel with reasonable rates? You see, I'm a stranger here."

"That's plain to be seen," retorted the stranger, but with a kindly smile he directed him to a waiting cab and John finally alighted at a hotel on the corner of Broadway and 47th Street. Entering the lobby he spied the desk at the farther end and walked straight to it, oblivious of a group of men staring at him and whispering excitedly. After registering he turned to follow the bell-hop but was confronted by a stranger with keen, piercing eyes.

"Would you mind letting us take your picture?" he asked with a crude smile.

"What for?" blurted out John Spencer.

"For the Sunday edition," assured the keen-eyed stranger. "Don't worry, it's not to be cheap publicity."

"It is going to be easier than I thought," mused John, who readily gave his consent.

John retired to his room and thought no more of the incident except to be elated over his apparent success in getting his picture on the society page.

Great was his surprise at breakfast the next morning to see his smiling countenance gazing at him from the front page beneath the blazing head-line: "Famous Chicago Gangster Visits New York; Police Suspicious." Oh, what a fool he had been! He had been mistaken for a gangster. "Well, that's some distinction," he thought ruefully.

John walked around the city all day and was still walking that night when he got lost in the slums of east side New York. Stepping up to a man who was about to drive off in a loaded truck, he inquired the way to his hotel.

"Sure," responded the driver with a grin. "Jump in and I'll give you a lift."

John immediately did so and was whirled around corners at a pace that made him dizzy. Suddenly the driver lost control and drove the truck into the side of a three-story building. Pausing only for a backward look the man jumped out of the truck and fled up a side street. John sat still, too confused to do anything but stare after his fleeing companion. Almost at once he was grappled by a pair of steel hands and came back to his senses to hear the blue-clad officer sneer at him, "Why didn't you follow your pal? Lost your nerve? Well, it's just too bad you were caught with all this good liquor."

He was taken to night court, where his friend of the Grand Central station reigned as judge. Here John told his story, and after some deliberation the judge dismissed him. That was not the end, though, for reporters had "taken down" his story and it was printed in the morning edition of a large newspaper.

John's eye, while glancing over the morning paper, was caught by an obituary of John Spencer. There it was, printed right before his eyes, "A young man's body was dragged out of the river yesterday. Letters found on his person were addressed to John Spencer and bore the postmark of Chapel Hill, N. C. The body was taken to the city morgue and the police of Chapel Hill have been notified."

"Well, can you beat that?" muttered John. "First they say I'm a Chicago gangster, then I'm a bootlegger, and now they say I'm dead."

"What's the use?" continued John, "I don't believe there is any society in New York. You never hear anything about it. Anyway, I'll write back home and tell them there isn't any and then I'll leave here in a week."

After writing the letter John mailed it and then went into the street. Catching sight of a subway he followed the crowds and boarded the first train that came along. He stayed on the train until it came to the end of the line, and then he boarded another train. Finally he came to Silver Ledge, a popular suburb of New York. After reconnoitering he came to some public tennis courts. John had always played tennis in Chapel Hill and was an extraordinarily good player.

John went in and sat down by a man on a bench under a tree.

Turning he inquired of the stranger with a gratuitous smile, "Got a partner?"

"No, have you?" the stranger returned and fixed John with a wide, frank smile.

"No, but wait until I rent a racquet and some balls and I'll play you a game." John was in his element now. He had always played tennis and thought he knew more than anyone else. John returned with his racquet and balls and nodded to the stranger, "Come on, let's get going before the sun becomes too hot."

John thought he was going to win easily, but he was soon surprised at the agility of his partner. "I'll just have to tire him out," thought John. "I've done it so much at home that I don't mind it at all." This John proceeded to do, running his partner from one end of the court to the other until he was almost exhausted. After this John found it indeed easy to win the game. Just before leaving the court two men walked up to John's partner and asked for a picture. And so John was photographed with his partner there on the tennis court.

The next morning, as had become his custom, John looked at the paper over his breakfast. Not until he reached the rotogravure section was his search rewarded, for there was the picture of his partner and he on the tennis court. What was most surprising was the short paragraph underneath, "Mr. John Spencer of Chapel Hill, N. C., was victorious over Robert Strowd, amateur champion of New York society, in a game played at the Silver Ledge tennis courts yesterday."

Before he had quite recovered from his surprise a bell-hop handed him three letters, the first mail he had received since he had come to New York. It was no wonder that, after reading the first letter, he opened the other two eagerly, for each one contained an invitation to some big society function.

John received many more invitations and had the satisfaction of seeing his name in the society columns daily for attending some big function.

A week after John had left Chapel Hill his best friend received a bundle of newspapers with the name John Spencer heavily underlined in the society columns of each one. Inclosed was the brief note, "I am extending my stay in New York to four weeks. John."

Clouds

By Anne Bond

Clouds drifting aimlessly through the sky,
Are a flock of sheep on a hill nearby;
And the Good Shepherd guards them from above,
And bestows on them His tender love,
And keeps them safe, while they're asleep,
Because they are his snow-white sheep.

———o———

Smoke

By Mary Leigh Grossmann

SMOKE! Smoke! Smoke! Large, gray black clouds of smoke rolling skyward from the factory stacks, in sharp contrast with hissing, white steam clouds issuing forth close by. Smoke rising straight upward as wafted by the wind in great spirals. As one of these great stacks suddenly belches forth great columns of darker smoke that gradually thins away into the blue heaven, one has a mental picture of the soot-begrimed stoker busily keeping the great wheels of industry moving. One can imagine the hum of machinery and the bustle and hurry of many individuals as they go about their daily work.

The picture passes and in its place we have the picture of smoke which comes from the small, red chimney of a humble cottage. It rises slowly, purposefuly heavenward. Instead of the stoker we picture the head of the family having returned from his daily duties, giving his attention to the fire upon the hearth. He settles down, presently, to give himself up to the enjoyment of his family and home, contentment and peace.

The scene changes once more and we see yet another kind of smoke: a thin blue spiral creeping lazily upward to mingle its sweet acridness with the invigorating odors of the pine and balsam. The lone camper lazily lolls at the foot of a tree smoking his pipe as he meditatively watches the blue smoke rise.

Smoke expresses in man's daily life work, rest and pleasure.

The Brook

By Mildred Green

What's this I hear that sounds so near,
But I'm sure is so far away?
'Tis a murmuring brook, in a grassy nook,
That is gurgling, gladsome and gay.

It's a brook that's so gay while at work and at play,
That trickles and travels along.
And it sings to itself of the mouse and the elf
In a sweet, symphonic song.

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—o—

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EDITORIALS

Vocational Guidance

A GREAT deal is being said and done about vocational guidance in our school. By a vocation one means an occupation. The training that we receive in school helps us a great deal to choose an occupation from which we may derive the greatest amount of happiness.

At the end of the first semester of 1931-32 a guidance questionnaire was submitted to the fourth year class. The pupils were requested to fill out the blanks as honestly as they could. The results were very good. The following are some of the results of the 140 pupils filling out the questionnaire.

Out of this number 114 had made a choice of an occupation. Of this number 41 were boys and 73 were girls. Engineering had the greatest number of votes from the boys as to the choice of an occupation. Business and accounting came next. Various other vocations were chosen. Among the girls the chief occupation was stenography. Teaching came next and the next choice was nursing.

In the choice of a college, V. P. I. had the lead among the boys with Hampden-Sidney next. Among the girls the State Teachers' Colleges led with William and Mary next. Various reasons for their choices were given. In some cases the parents had made the choice. Some of the colleges were chosen because they offered the courses desired, had high rating, were reasonable in cost, and had good records of graduates.

A total of forty-two boys and girls were to have their college expenses paid by their parents. Forty-five boys and girls expected to earn their own way. Eleven expected to borrow funds.

Upon investigation it was found that the majority of students by far had not received any help from their principals or teachers in deciding their vocations.

A number of students chose English as the subject most valuable. Mathematics came next, followed by commercial sub-

jects and science. The subjects liked best were English, commercial subjects and mathematics. Latin seemed to have had the greatest number thinking it least valuable. German, which is not offered in our school, was the most desired subject.

The students spent their leisure time in many ways. Many of the students read during this time. Others spent this time enjoying different sports, working, studying, going to the movies, drawing, and walking.

Many of the students worked to earn money after school hours or on Saturday. They were clerking, delivering papers, acting as office assistants, serving as ushers at a theatre and doing other jobs.

Too much stress cannot be put on choosing a vocation while in high school. Let's all be thinking about our coming years, and how we can best maintain our livelihood when the time comes.

—E. H.

—o—

Home Work

THE last White House Conference on Child Welfare and Protection will go down in records as favoring the elimination of "home work." Before this term ends we should like to add a few words to this expert committee's report.

Every teacher naturally thinks that the subject she teaches is most important. She sometimes becomes so enthusiastic over getting good results in her subject that she forgets that the pupils have five or six other teachers who think the same thing. One teacher says you must study an hour on this to get it done thoroughly. Another says the same. By the end of the day you have the pleasure of looking forward to about five hours' study. Pleasant, isn't it? If you have any reference work to do, you must write down notes about it. You can't sit down among a pile of books and just idly look through the pages. No. You must remember so and so about it to report in class the next day. There is no pleasure in reading references with that in mind.

Experts say that home work has so little to commend it

that it will soon be abolished. They say that supervised study in school is much more satisfactory. How can we have more supervised study in school when we have "so much ground to cover" that we don't have a minute of the period left? Why not have less ground to cover and more study on a small amount of work? We think that a thorough knowledge of fewer subjects would be better than a "smattering" of numerous ones.

The elimination of home work would mean a lengthened school day with more opportunities for study in school. Only light reading and reference work (of which we need more) would be left for "home-work."

A teacher at school could help a pupil with difficult problems which may confront him while studying much better than the average parent. The elimination of so much home study would mean that ambitious parents would not be called upon to aid their children and worry more about the lessons than the children themselves. A well informed teacher is more capable of imparting the correct knowledge. Home work also interferes with the health of the child. Night is not the time for study and work.

For our part we have yet to meet anybody with a sensible reason why any pupil should be burdened with study out of school hours.

—M. R. E.

—o—

A Change Needed

THERE have been, from time to time, tirades against the indifference and poor sportsmanship of a certain number of pupils in this school. The pleadings of the faculty and the efforts of a few conscientious students have been of no avail, and certain episodes in the life of the school during this semester seem to point to the conclusion that matters are not improving as time goes on. A member of the faculty recently pointed out, in no uncertain terms, that these conditions find their source in a certain spirit of "childishness" which is rampant in the school. To put it in another way, the students of P. H. S. are deliberately refusing to shoulder the responsibilities which naturally accumulate as the age of man increases.

We believe that this diagnosis of the case is surprisingly accurate.

The spirit that we refer to is evident not only in athletic activities but to a large degree in the civic obligations that are brought about by the association of a large number of individuals, as in the school.

Repeated efforts toward keeping the school grounds free of paper have been absolutely disregarded. A member of the student body was heard to remark that the grounds about the school were getting to be dirtier than he had ever seen them since he had entered. When a statement of this nature, unasked for, is made by a member of the student body, the observation should carry a tremendous weight.

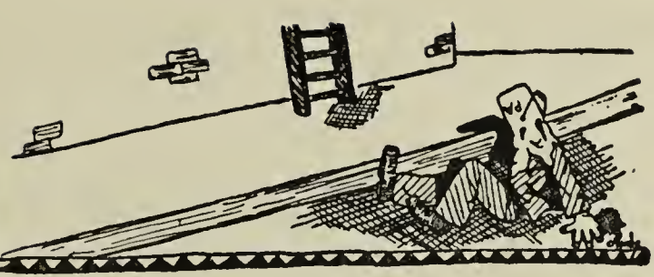
Results in the literary and dramatic fields tend to confirm the prevalence of this unwanted element in the life of the school. Literary projects are put across with great difficulties, often hardly stopping short of an appeal to the charity of the student body.

We are optimistic. We believe that an organization the size of P. H. S. can get the full support and enthusiasm of every member if the need can be impressed upon each individual by example and encouragement.

You who have remained in the background, content to let others take the lead, push forward and become disciples of a better and greater spirit. Seniors now and Seniors to be, here's a star to hitch your wagon to.

—J. C. S.

Little MISSILES



THE TERM is well on its way and (much to everyone's delight) the Easter holidays have long since come and gone; now a dismal prospect is looming up in front of most of the students: summer—dreaded vacation time! The thought of having to stay away from school three long dreary months has disheartened the majority of the student body so that they cannot even take much pleasure in their home work. A few lucky ones are singled out from the despondent mob—those who are fortunate enough to have marks that require them to go to summer school, which is almost as delightful as regular school. Mr. Wolff, our friend in need, has a consolation for all. After finishing High School you can go to college for four years. After college you can take a post-graduate course in a university every year until by some fortunate accident the earth has one less inhabitant. It seems to many like a fairy tale that you can be in kindergarten, grammar school, high school, night school, summer school, college or a university forever and ever. This, however, is true. There are a great many things on earth to atone for life's bad things. It is hoped because of this article that everyone will face bravely the dreary prospect of summer vacation! So remember—life can't be all sunshine and spinach.

—o—

With thoughts of summer also come thoughts of getting exempt. This year, the entire student body is determined to take life seriously. Even now students can be seen preparing for their P. T. exam or trying to prepare for music by learning Hoopinkof's Parody in Purple. There is a great advantage in being exempt. It shows your fellow pupils that you have used that empty space in your head where a dull gray mass ought to be and offers you a holiday. Of course the latter is just a matter of form as no one would think of not taking the final exams, which are probably about the most delightful thing in school. It is wise here to issue a little warning to all students. Mr. Wolff said lately the behavior had not been all that it might

have been and that perhaps one or two of the exams might be left out, and if behavior still did not become better that the students might be denied the privilege of taking any examinations! Needless to say we all know the conduct will immediately be better and that Mr. Wolff will be lenient and still let us take final exams.

—o—

Ignorance

By Taylor Wills

They say that what you don't know won't hurt
you;
And ignorance is bliss we are told,
But wait till the time when exams come around
And then test that adage so old.

There's no sense in study, we think to ourselves,
So why read my English tonight?
When ignorance is bliss and fools can still laugh,
Not to study seems perfectly right.

But in class the next day as the questions are
asked,
Though no studying seems to be right,
When you get a question, you'll say to yourself,
"How I wish I had studied last night!"

—o—

The cafeteria is and has been rapidly losing money. The reason for this is that over half the school is on an eighteen-day diet which is extended for eighteen days every eighteen days because of track. Quarter-milers and half-milers are trying to lose weight and at various times sprint to Hopewell and back while the milers trot to Richmond and back every now and then. It's mostly then, when the track coach is not around. The dash men get most of their practice sprinting from Mr. Wolff's office to conduct hall and vice-vesuvius. If the cafeteria has lost some money because of track they have also gotten some of it back from the weight men. These Herculeses have been instructed to eat and drink as much as possible. They are expected to gain about fifty pounds a week and drink a gallon of beer, wine or

Scotch a day. All this is very well but if all the sprint men should happen to be on one side of the school and the weight men on the other, the building would be slightly heavy on the weight side. It would therefore be necessary to be careful and balance the school.

—o—

Boys

By Dorothy Fair

Now I am a girl who is tall, and so plain,
And the boys are so short, it gives me a pain.
To a dance I do go, and the partners I get
Are the shortest of all who are there, you can bet.

The boys who are tall have no "it," I must say,
So it's hopeless to dream of a knight in array.
It's the short one who tells me how pretty am I,
But I look down at him, see his height and could cry.

In spite of the fact that I am so tall,
It's the short ones who strangely in love with me fall.
If the boys in town were both tall and good-looking,
I would then change my mind and learn to like cooking.

—o—

With the thought of summer also comes to those unfortunate enough not to be able to go to summer school the thought of a vacation trip. As usual, most of the students expect to go down town, a few to Willcox Lake and two cosmopolitans are planning a mid-summer trip to Hopewell. It is an open secret that for the last five years students have been saving up to send Mr. Wolff and teachers abroad to Mr. Freas in Paris. After the teachers arrive in Paris the student body will incidentally forget to send them the money for the return passage and take a holiday for the rest of the year. For once it will be a joke on the students when it is found out that Mr. Miller is really John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in disguise. All the teachers will come sail-

ing back on time, first class, with joyful thoughts as to the kinds and amount of lessons to be levied next term.

—o—

It has been definitely decided that Williamsburg is not going to get a few more customers as it was originally thought. The various creatures you see wandering about the landscape are only pupils in Misses Cooper's and Moseley's biology classes. They are not really prospecting for gold or digging a coal mine, but are only trying to get the roots of an onion. This process brings tears to your eyes (especially if it is wild garlic) and dirt in your mouth. What with scratches and cuts these amateur naturalists' efforts are particularly delightful. It may not have been known to all, but there are 999,999 different kinds of leaves in the world. With Chickweed, Milkweed, Pruneweed, and Garbageweed the world is truly a wonderful place.

—o—

Me

By Mary V. Archer

They call me "Mary Valentine,"
For why I cannot see.
There is no lace or cupid bows,
Or fancy frills 'bout me;
I never wear my heart outside
For other folks to see.

Mr. Powers caused it all—
One day he called on me;
He called me "Mary Valentine"
Because it's Mary V.
And now when folks call out to me,
It's "Valentine," not V.

—o—

Lately from laboratory there have been coming weird sounds and smells (mostly smells). Sometimes it sounds as if Frankenstein had come to P. H. S. and was operating on the pupils. On quiet days, however, the laboratory merely sounds like the entrance to a free show in Scotland. As to smells—it is utterly impossible to describe them here; such language could not be

printed. Many visitors to the school think that Hopewell has been transplanted to Petersburg over night with several additions.

On peaceful and unsmelly days the laboratory is a treat to the nose with tasty mixtures of rotten eggs and ammonia. This delightful whiff reminds one greatly of polecats, skunks, burning rubber, and all other perfumed odors of Paradise.

—o—

It has been lately murmured that Mr. Thompson is wild about and is secretly raising twenty-two pigs and thirteen guinea pigs. It is sincerely hoped that Miss Hall is going to Broadway and the bright lights to seek her fortune as a chorus girl. All Spanish students will be very sorry to hear that Senorita Wilkie is leaving P. H. S. shortly to become president of Spain. It is thought that Miss Mosley ought to be in charge of all funerals. She is a most careful driver and hardly ever goes over 95. We are always glad to see any progressiveness in the school, and therefore it is joyfully noted that Mr. Freas has decided to go to Paris and take up French this summer for a change. Mr. Caldwell has recently taken up tap dancing from Miss Loretta Powers and can now pirouette gracefully and walk lightly on his toes. And, last but not least, Coach Roland Day has taken up hemstitching and can now hemstitch or crochet better than any other girl in the sewing class.

—o—

Milking

By Fred Robertson

A droning buzz I overheard
One balmy summer's eve;
I looked and saw the insect light,
It perched and would not leave.

I sat me down to milk our cow,
The pest it would not rest;
But buzzed and drilled with insect spite
Despite my shooing zest.

Swish! Around came Betsy's tail,
The insect gave a hop.
Her tail then came around again,
And I was the one to drop.

In view of animal biology next term, the following announcements have been made by the biology teachers, namely: every student that brings in to them a squirrel, rabbit, or turtle will receive five points to their credit. A bull-frog, toad frog or whale merits three points, while three or four elephants brought and placed on exhibit on a desk will exempt you. It was also stated that a skunk or dead fish or cat will fail you on first whiff. Anyone bringing a small jar containing a lion or two, or some tigers may be given an extra point. If a giraffe is brought, the donator will be responsible for him, especially if he has a sore throat, and might, if he throws in a hippopotamus in case of fire, be given a quarter of a point. Also any larger animals such as lizzards, rats, and mice will be accepted but must be caged in the gym, and cages and grounds provided for them.

—o—

My Shadow

By George Pyne

Behind me like a ghost it creeps;
Along it crawls upon the ground.
Unless with me it never sleeps;
It gets stepped on but gives no sound.
It spends with me all of my days;
It sees and knows all that I do,
And never kicks about my ways,
But to me always will be true.

—o—

Mr. Freas: "In the gay nineties when crossing a large puddle ladies would think it very improper to raise their dresses three or four feet above their ankles."

—o—

Don't tell a soul, but Admiral Dance is drawing plans for a bungalow in mechanical drawing. It was to be expected but certainly not this soon.

Track Coach: "And all of you will have to stop smoking cigarettes."

J. Barnes: "Isn't that too bad? Sarg'll have to start smoking his own."

—o—

Miss Huddle: "When the reformation was spreading rapidly through the empire what stand did the Catholics take?"

R. Whittle (intelligently): "A hot dog stand!"

—o—

Miss Moseley (in chemistry): "What's that rattle of bones I hear?"

B. Johnson: "Teacher, I cannot tell a lie, I was playing hands with the skeleton."

—o—

Mr. Freas (emphatically): "If I were a man, I most assuredly would not marry a gum-chewing woman."

—o—

Miss Boswell: "Who can tell me what a polygon is?"

B. Matthews: "A dead parrot."

—o—

"Dear Miss Hall," wrote an indignant Mrs. Dance, "you mustn't assault my Ranny. He is very delicate and at home we never strike him except in self-defense."

"WITH BALLS AND BATS"

The Baseball Season

THE BASEBALL team under the leadership of Captain Morris McCants began practice at Lee Park about the first of March. All except three of last year's state championship team are back again this year. The three letter men who were lost to the team because of graduation were Leonard McCants, veteran first baseman, George Smith, hard-hitting outfielder, and Dick Simonson, pitcher.

The season thus far has been a highly successful one, the Wave having hung up the enviable record of six victories to one defeat. These six victories extended the winning streak of last year to 22 games.

Eric Tipton has been showing fine form this season not only on the mound but also at the plate. He has been well backed up by the whole team with few exceptions. The work of Robertson, Tipton, Redford and Jones at the bat has been outstanding.

The season opened on March 18 at Lee Park when Chester was thoroughly trounced by the Wave first, second and third string players. Tipton pitched seven hitless innings, and then the first team was withdrawn in favor of the substitutes. The Chester team scored one run again the Yannigans with Harwood Smith in the box. Timely hitting gave Petersburg 18 runs.

On March 22, Petersburg nosed out Dinwiddie by one run, the score being 2 to 1 at the finish. This game was a pitching duel between Tipton and Williams, Dinwiddie ace. P. H. S. grouped enough hits, however, to wind up with a one-run margin.

Emporia came to Petersburg on March 25 and suffered a 10-to-4 defeat at the hands of the Daysters. Dance had pitched four hitless innings when the second team was sent in. H. Smith and Butler pitched the last five innings and they held the Emporia team to four runs in five innings against a team composed principally of substitutes.

P. H. S. added one more game to its string of victories to bring the winning streak up to twenty games. This time Central High of Washington was the victim. The Wave scored

five times in the first inning and then steadily increased its lead throughout the remainder of the game. Tipton struck out seventeen men, although he yielded nine hits. Redford and Robertson led the batmen with three and two hits respectively. The final score was 10 to 3.

The University of Richmond Freshmen were downed by Petersburg at Broadway Park on April 1. Four Petersburg pitchers saw action, Dance, Smith, Butler and Tipton. Tipton was called in in the seventh inning, and he held the visitors hitless for the rest of the game.

Thomas Jefferson was swamped under a deluge of runs on April 5. P. H. S. piled up 27 runs while the visitors were scoring six. Harwood Smith pitched the first four innings and Dance pitched the last five. During the last five innings the Jeffs did not get a hit. One of the features of the game was Schaff's home run over the center field fence. This hit was said to be one of the longest ever made on the Broadway diamond. Tipton and Redford led in the Wave hitting.

On April 7 Hopewell High broke the long twenty-two game winning streak by defeating the Daysters by the score of 7 to 3. Hopewell had the best of the fielding as several costly errors were chalked up against Petersburg. Tipton and Meredith led the Daysters in hitting.

The remainder of the schedule is as follows:

April 12—John Marshall at Petersburg.
April 15—McGuire's at Richmond.
April 19—Woodrow Wilson at Petersburg.
April 20—Dinwiddie at Dinwiddie.
April 22—W. & M. Frosh at Williamsburg.
April 26—St. Christopher's at Petersburg.
April 29—Maury at Norfolk.
May 3—St. Christopher's at Petersburg.
May 5—Faculty at Petersburg.
May 6—John Marshall at Richmond.
May 10—Thomas Jefferson at Richmond.
May 13—McGuire's at Petersburg.
May 16—Hopewell at Hopewell.

The Golf Team

The golf team has been handicapped by the loss of all except one of last year's regular players. The team has been practicing for some time and has played three matches already. The members of the squad who have participated in these matches are Captain Hamilton, Pilcher, Kinsey, Johnson, Haynes and Keane.

The team dropped the first match to Woodrow Wilson by the score of 16½ to 1½. Stumpy Hamilton won one point and Johnson won one-half point for Petersburg. Chandler Harper was outstanding for Woodrow Wilson with two cards of 76 and 78.

Maury took the next match by winning all of the possible eighteen points. Those who participated in this match on the Truxton Manor Course at Norfolk were Hamilton, Pilcher, Johnson and Haynes.

The following week the Wave golfers lost an extremely close match with William and Mary Extension in Norfolk by the score of 8½ to 9½. Hamilton was outstanding for Petersburg, he winning 2½ points in the two ball match and, with Keane, 3 points in the foursome. Hamilton, Pilcher, Kinsey and Keane played in this match.

The remainder of the schedule for this season is as follows:

April 23—Maury at Norfolk.
April 30—John Marshall at Petersburg.
May 14—Woodberry Forest at Woodberry Forest.
May 27—Woodrow Wilson at Portsmouth.
May 28—John Marshall at Richmond.

—o—

The Tennis Team

The tennis team has been practicing on the Lee Park courts for several weeks. The team has been handicapped this year in that only one of last year's players is available to the team. Captain Fred Robertson who played the number three position last year is showing up well at the number one position. The players on the squad and their present ranking are as follows: F. Robertson, No. 1; T. Jones, No. 2; N. Williams, No. 3; J. Grigg, No. 4; T. Wills, No. 5; T. P. Roper, No. 6; B. Townsend, No. 7,

and F. McCann, No. 8. The highest ranking six will compete in most of the matches.

The team opened the season on April 14 when it went up against John Marshall. The Justices won all the matches played, the final score being 7-0. Two of the doubles matches were unable to finish because of darkness. In spite of the lop-sided score many of the matches were very close.

The remainder of the schedule is as follows:

April 16—Washington, N. C., at Washington, N. C.
April 22—Carter Glass at Petersburg.
April 23—Thomas Jefferson at Petersburg.
April 30—John Marshall at Richmond.
May 4—St. Christopher's at Richmond.
May 7—Carter Glass at Lynchburg.
May 14—Thomas Jefferson at Richmond.
May 22—McGuire's at Petersburg.

—o—

The Track Team

About twenty-five candidates for the track team have signed up. Frank Livesay is captain and manager and Mr. Pen Taylor has volunteered his services as coach. This is the first time that a track team has been organized since Cameron Field was made available to P. H. S. athletes. This team is necessarily in the experimental stage, but it is hoped that a successful team can be formed in spite of the inexperience of most of the candidates. Who knows? There may be some young Charlie Paddocks in this group of aspirants who need only the proper coaching to bring out their abilities.

One match has already been definitely scheduled and several others are looked forward to if sufficient interest is shown in the sport. Several times before there have been attempts to start a track team, but all of them failed because of lack of interest in the sport. However, this time the team seems to have gotten off to a much better start, and consequently students may look forward to an established track team.

—T. W.

Pink of Perfection

By Eleanore Townsend '31

Pink cherokees on the high white walls,
  Azalias banked on every side;
The charming town has decked herself
  In pink and white for Eastertide.

There is pink, white and every hue
  Of tiny flower in the grass;
Wisteria growing in trees by the street
  Sends flowers down to those who pass.

Saint Michael's looks the same each year;
  Familiar music bursts in storms;
As cars flash by you catch a glimpse
  Of flower-like dresses and white
    uniforms.

See Charleston, stately, time-worn city,
  Hide ancient wounds and cares away;
She looks her very loveliest
  And smiles, on this her glorious day.

LAST month we looked up the activities of more recent alumni. Let's go back for a few years to some other prominent alumni.

An outstanding member of the class of 1914 was Miss Charlotte Gilliam. She attended Randolph-Macon Women's College and was graduated from there. Miss Gilliam also has attended summer sessions of the Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, Tennessee, and the University of Virginia. She taught for one year at Waverly High School in Waverly, Virginia, and after this was principal of Prince George School, Prince George, Virginia. In 1919, Miss Gilliam started teaching in the Petersburg High School. She teaches English and is faculty adviser of the Page Literary Society. We are proud to say she is still a member of our faculty and we hope she will be with us for many more years.

There is news from the two daughters of Mr. R. M. Friend, Bessie Meade and Margaret, who are attending Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia.

Bessie Meade graduated in the class of 1929. She is a Junior this year and has done outstanding gymnastic work. She took first place in the archery tournament this year and played on her class basketball team. Bessie Meade is a member of K. U. B., the journalism club, club editor on the Agnostic, the college weekly, and chairman of the social committee of the Y. W. C. A.

Margaret, who was better known to her friends as "Marty," was a member of the graduating class of 1930. She is a Sophomore this year and like her sister, has done good gymnastic work. "Marty" is a member of her class hockey team and basketball team, and was captain last year of the Freshman basketball team. She is a member of the Glee Club, on the business staff of the college annual, the Silhouette, publicity chairman of the athletic board, vice-house president of Agnes Scott Hall, and is one of the cheer leaders for her class.

—o—

Those Hemphill boys just don't seem to be able to keep out of our section. This time it's Edwin. He is a Senior this year at Hampden-Sidney College. He has been awarded a graduate fellowship in history at Emory University, in Atlanta, for the year 1932-33, according to an announcement from the Emory president's office. Edwin will study for a master's degree at Emory under the terms of the fellowship. He will get his B. A. in June. Good luck to you, Edwin!

—o—

And again there comes some splendid news from Randolph-Macon Woman's College. Annie Boisseau, a member of the class of '28, who is a Senior this year, has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholarship fraternity which was founded at William and Mary in 1776. She was the only Petersburg girl so honored this year.

A sad note must be struck at this time. It is with the deepest regret that we note the death of one of our alumni, a member of the class of 1929, Leonard Breeden. He was killed in an automobile accident on April 16, near Norfolk, Va. He was 21 years of age. Breeden was one of the most popular members of his class; he was secretary and treasurer of the June Class and was also business manager of "The Missile." His sister, Ethel Breeden, now Mrs. Newton, graduated in the same class. At the time of his death, Leonard was employed by the Old Bay Line. We sincerely hope that he will ever remain in the memory of his classmates.

—o—

From the Farmville State Teachers' College comes the news that Virginia Hamilton, a member of '30 class, was chosen undergraduate representative of the Y. W. C. A. in the campus elections recently held at the institution.

We are proud of all our alumni, and all those who are graduating this year; let us hope they will bring many more honors to P. H. S.

—C. W. G.

LO AND BEHOLD, the auditorium has recently had a rush. And what a rush! For three straight days some of the more gifted pupils of the school have been proving to rest of the pupils that they possess some extraordinary oratorical skill. Naturally everybody had to attend this marvelous event, resulting in the big rush to the auditorium. What's more, they almost broke their necks getting there. Perhaps you will like to know what this great event was all about. These budding orators tried to prove to the pupils that the South must have legally regulated industry. A most interesting subject for high school pupils, by the way. They must have succeeded because the pupils drank in every word they said, coming out better boys and girls as a result of this heart-to-heart talk. What a triumph for our orators!

—o—

When our professor of English, in the midst of one of his impassioned speeches, looks into the faces of his pupils he experiences a shock because of what he sees there. Don't become alarmed because it's nothing serious, merely a drowsiness which takes hold of the whole class. The poor students are not to blame for this state of inattentiveness and they should not be punished for it. Now, what is the cause of this condition? It must be removed or the pupils will lose all the advantageous knowledge they could otherwise get from these talks. To put it in words able to be understood by all, I'll tell you that the cause of all this trouble is a little excessive heat in the classroom. As we all know, heat makes people sleepy. Therefore, this heat in the English classroom causes the sleepy spell which prevails in the winter time. It now remains for the janitor to fix it up so that Mr. Miller will hereafter get the attention which is due him. To the rescue, dear janitor!

—o—

Although there has been a lot of trouble in trying to get the pupils to subscribe to the "Missile," this is one month that

they don't need persuasion. Now, of course, you will be interested to know what's the cause of this sudden generosity. The reason for the pupils, especially the Seniors, being so liberal with their money is that their pictures are in the "Missile." Can you blame them for being so anxious to get a copy? Don't forget that not everybody gets the chance to see the likeness of himself in a magazine, even if it is a small one. We mortals are really vain creatures after all. If any one should tell you to your face, "You are a conceited person," you would deny it even to the last breath in your body, but in your secret heart you know it to be true. Thus it is with the graduates; they don't want to acknowledge their vanity, but nevertheless it's all there.

—o—

An epidemic seems to have run through the school this last winter. As it happens, the epidemic was not among the students, but among the teachers. Now, what I mean by an epidemic is that there were quite a few absences of the teachers. What's more amazing than all the rest is that our principal seems to have found a vacation imperative. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it! Yes, it's extraordinary, but it's true. Of course, we must praise the fact that it's the first time he has been absent in years. Hurrah for our Mr. Wolff! He's a great fellow and we certainly missed him while he was on that forced leave of absence. There was one ray of light in that whole time of blackness; the substitutes got a break. And what a break! I am sure that although they were sorry that some of the teachers were ill, they could not help welcoming the chance to make some money. Well, I can't find the heart to blame them much for that. Hard times are hard times and we are all well acquainted with the present state of depression.

—o—

It has been the custom for both the February and June graduating classes to give a class play to celebrate the coming event of leaving that large institution of learning—the school. The February Class gave their play and it came off a success. Unfortunately, the June Class was unable to give one, not because of a lack of talent (there's plenty of that in the school), but because of a lack of time. Tempus fugit, as we all know, and the time for the June class to give a play was decidedly too

short. Quite a few students bemoaned this fact and rushed around telling each other their complaints. A lot of good it did them, but if I'm not mistaken I think they enjoyed the complaining. After all, they had some excuse for it; they could not show off their individual talent to the public. Frustrated ambition is a terrible thing, mark my words, you growing boys and girls. Fortunately, youth takes its disappointments with heads up, so they will get over it. That's lucky for us because we don't want a lot of "griping" around us.

—o—

Fellow countrymen, we have in our midst a very versatile young man. He's an A number 1 substitute. If you don't believe it, ask Mr. Nims or Mr. Miller what he thinks of him. Oh, you don't know whom I'm referring to, do you? Claiborne Jones, better known as "Tay," is the obliging young gentleman. When Mr. Nims' voice decided to take a vacation, who but "Tay" lent him his? What a Christian act that was! What a gentleman we have in our midst! When Mr. Miller lost his voice (it seems to run through the school) he did the same thing again. Tell me someone else who would be so obliging. What's more, "Tay" knows the main points, both in Latin and in English. The pupils certainly don't lose anything when he's teacher.

—R. W.

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